

Received  
6/13/08

May 12, 2008

03 CR 10370 DPW

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Dear Honorable Woodcock,

I was before your court on a collage of violations the other day. I was going to start, as Shapiro would say, my quest to address and petition not only the international Court for relief, but the inter-planetary Court system for relief. I did not. I wanted to get everything over with. No more U.S. courts.

Then I came back here to Plymouth and thought, what the hell are you going to do? You just may have caused yourself to receive more time for "breaching trust".

When I was last before your Court, you said, "do not bring him before my Court unless he has a new arrest and on a dirty urine." I went through the different color codes on urine screening to ultimately not have a color, but to have random urine screenings.

My business, Aserance Inc., was started and I finally found a way to bring home a decent income and help the community at the same time.

(1)

Devoorce is a foreclosure prevention company. My clients before your court are (1) Liana Williams-Etheridge, and (2) Tim St. Hillaire. They have some very crazy circumstances.

My lifestyle even changed. I went from hanging with recalcitrants, to living in a gated community and driving expensive cars all legal and all from the fruits of hard work. Demanding work, and I have a whole lot.

Then my probation officer started calling me a lot more than the norm. "Mr. Myers I'm outside." I would meet him. "Mr. Myers come down to the office tomorrow." "I can't I'm working can we re-schedule." "No, I'll see you tomorrow." He wasn't unreasonable, he was doing his job. Every meeting I missed with my probation officer was because I was in court, with a client, or responding to a deadline, or I would call and tell him. I was really wondering why he wouldn't come to any of my job sites or come to my home.

Then he put me back on a color code which I wouldn't miss. He would also call me to the office a lot which I didn't understand. I've dealt with many, but this relationship was awkward.

(2)

Then I missed a meeting with my probation officer and his supervisor when I was in the midst of (1) helping my significant other turned friend move (meaning physically move her belongings) and fight eviction because she was so depressed she wouldn't even read the mail (2) maintain my business (3) help Bruce Namerson, an attorney friend of mine that would represent my clients in court avoid a 272 count insurance indictment, which didn't happen, he has been indicted and, (3) support my Grandmother's sister in Virginia which was chronically ill at the time and has since died. The day I missed the meeting I called from Town Fair Tire in Brockton because I had leveled the car through a pot hole and called to re-schedule. I was told from the supervisor that I had to re-schedule with my probation officer and to call him which I did like a girlfriend that quit me - and I was going to do anything to get her back - call like a stalker. He didn't return any of my stalk calls.

Silence from Probation has been the loudest thing in my life, so the criminal clerk's office was called.... Yes, a warrant.

(3)

I secured all of my belongings that my mother left me and headed off to do my time. I went to the Marshall's Office, where they told me no one was looking for me and whom was my probation officer. I told them and in custody I went.

Honorable Collins was gracious enough to release me awaiting your final decision. Matrix is what I was called when I walked into probation. I was hit with like six or seven monthly reports to fill out <sup>and</sup> a barrage of strategic questioning to clearly portray the environment to one of "you're going down."

Later that night I called around to hear my van's door was shot up by some young guys that he didn't know and I have been looking for both of my vans since on or around the middle of April. Honorable Woodlock, literally driving around days and nights looking. I still haven't found either of them.

During my looking - I relapsed. Gave probation a dirty urine and went on a Kamakazie mission. Woodlock them guys are my life. I would literally beg Probation to see my family to hear -

(4)



"You did it fill out a request so - no."

I did not know what my schedule would be the following few days nevertheless two weeks!!! My nephews are now 1 1/2 and 2 and I haven't even seen them physically - in the flesh. All my family that looks like my mother and me call me and tell me I don't like them because I don't come to see them. I say I can't come because of Probation. They don't believe me. I am Scott Brandon Myers - when the Black Democratic Caucus comes to Massachusetts - I drive them around. Actors they see on T.V. they know I know. Famous singers and groups come to their state and I make sure they go to the show free. The Chief Justice of New Orleans Courts is my best friend and I can't come and see my family. I've spoken more than ten times to Shapiro about this to hear him say - "be glad to be home" - and if he wasn't so beautiful of a person - I would have screamed home is where the heart is and the heart is family - I told you I couldn't do probation back five years ago now I'm engrained in diavater.

(15)

Honorable Woodlock, I help people.  
 I'm a beautiful person. My record can't  
 mirror how many times I've beat the system  
 nor can it on how loving I am to mankind.  
 As, I said I wrote some time ago and I  
 got to emotional, I would write more but  
 I just received a new roommate that is young  
 and coming in on a parole violation (due to dirty  
 urine), how familiar, and he has that "love"  
 look in his eyes. So, hopefully I can say something  
 to him that got me as far as I got without using.

Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,  
 Keith Lyons